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Chelsea Hospital.



CHELSEA HOSPITAL, which is situated on the banks of the Thames, and forms, with the adjacent village, one of the suburbs of the metropolis, was built from a design and under the superintendance of Sir Christopher Wren. In point of architecture, it is appropriate and unpretending, avoiding on one hand an ostentatious splendour, or a humility that might seem to degrade its inmates. The building, which contains three courts, is built of brick with columns and cornices of freestone. It is not, however, for its architectural beauties, or merits, that an Englishman looks to Chelsea Hospital; he sees in it one of the noblest ornaments that a brave and free people can possess, an asylum for the wounded and superannuated soldiers, who having fought and bled for their country, may here live in cheerfulness and comfort; talk of the battles they have fought,

“Shoulder their crutch and shew how fields were won.”

Sir Stephen Fox, ancestor to the present Lord Holland, is allowed to have been the first projector of this hos-

pital, which met with a warm support from Charles the Second. The first stone of the fabric was laid on the 12th of March, 1682. Sir Stephen Fox is said to have contributed no less than £15,000. There have also been other liberal donations to this hospital.

The entire length of the principal buildings of Chelsea Hospital is 190 feet, and the whole of the premises occupy about 50 acres.

In the principal court is a bronze statue of the royal founder, clothed in a Roman habit. The Chapel, which is a neat building, is paved with black and white marble, and wainscotted with Dutch oak.

In the Dining-hall, which is of suitable dimensions, a dinner for the pensioners is regularly placed every day, (Sunday excepted) at 12 o'clock; but they are allowed to take their meat home with them to their own birth or apartment. The pensioners in the Hospital amount to 476, who are divided into sixteen wards, to each of which two serjeants and two corporals are appointed.

The number of out-pensioners is very

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considerable, and the whole expense is chiefly defrayed by an annual grant from Parliament, voted among the army estimates.

The provisions allowed to the pensioners, is one pound of meat, twelve ounces of bread, a quarter of a pound of cheese, and two quarts of beer per diem, except on Wednesdays and Fridays, when, instead of meat, a pint of peas soup and an extra allowance of cheese and butter is given. The pensioners have also their clothes, and some allowance for pocket money. Such is the Royal Hospital at Chelsea, of which we this week present a view.

ANECDOTES OF MRS. JORDAN.
(*For the Mirror.*)

The late Mrs. Jordan possessed a heart susceptible of the most tender emotions, and these were called into action by the least approach of misery or distress.

During her short stay at Chester, where she had been performing, her washerwoman, a widow with three small children, was, by a merciless creditor, thrown into prison: a small debt of about forty shillings had been worked up in a short time, by law expenses, into a bill of eight pounds. As soon as Mrs. Jordan heard of the circumstance, she sent for the attorney, paid him his demand, and observed, with as much severity as her good natured countenance could assume, "you lawyers are certainly infernal spirits, allowed on earth to make poor mortals miserable." The attorney, however, pocketed the affront, and, with a low bow, made his exit: on the afternoon of the same day the poor woman was liberated, as Mrs. Jordan, with her servant, was taking her usual walk on the Chester walls, the widow, with her children, followed her, and just as she had taken shelter from a shower of rain in a kind of porch, dropped on her knees, and, with much grateful emotion, exclaimed, "God for ever bless you, madam! you have saved me and my poor children from ruin." The children, beholding their mother's tears, added, by their cries, to the affecting scene, which a sensitive mind could not behold without strong feelings of sympathy.

The natural liveliness of Mrs. Jordan's disposition was not easily damped by sorrowful scenes; however, although she strove to hide it, the tear of feeling stole down her cheek, and stooping to kiss the children, she slip-

ped a pound note into the mother's hand, and, in her usual playful manner, replied, "There, there, now its all over, go, good woman, God bless you—don't say another word;" the grateful creature would have replied, but this good female Samaritan insisted on her silence and departure. It so happened that another person had taken shelter under the porch, and witnessed the whole of this interesting scene, who, as soon as Mrs. Jordan observed him, came forward, and holding out his hand, exclaimed, with a deep sigh, "Lady, pardon the freedom of a stranger: but would to the Lord, the world were all like thee!" The figure of this man bespoke his calling: his countenance was pale, and a suit of sable, rather the worse for wear, covered his tall and spare person.

The penetrating eye of Thalia's favourite votary soon developed his character and profession, and with her wonted good humour, retreating a few paces, she replied, "No, I won't shake hands with you." "Why?" "Because you are a Methodist preacher, and when you know who I am, you'll send me to the devil!" "The Lord forbid! I am, as you say, a preacher of the Gospel of Jesus Christ, who tells us to clothe the naked, feed the hungry, and relieve the distressed—and do you think I can behold a sister so cheerfully obeying the commands of my Great Master without feeling that spiritual attachment which leads me to break through worldly customs, and offer you the hand of friendship and brotherly love?"

"Well, well, you are a good old soul, I dare say—but—I—I don't like fanatics; and you'll not like me, when I tell you who I am." "I hope I shall." "Well then, I tell you I am a player." The preacher sighed—"Yes, I am a player, and you must have heard of me—Mrs. Jordan is my name." After a short pause, he again extended his hand, and with a complacent countenance, replied, "The Lord bless thee! whoever thou art; his goodness is unlimited; he has bestowed on thee a large portion of his spirit, and as to thy calling, if thy soul upbraid thee not, the Lord forbid that I should."

Thus reconciled, and the rain having abated, they left the porch together, the offer of his arm was accepted, and the female Roscius of comedy, and the serious disciple of John Wesley, proceeded arm in arm to the door of Mrs.

Jordan's dwelling: at parting, the preacher shook hands with her, saying, " *Fare thee well, sister, I know not what the principles of people of thy calling may be; thou art the first I ever conversed with, but if their benevolent practice equals thine, I hope and trust, at the great day, the Almighty God will say to each, " Thy sins are forgiven thee."*"

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ON THE TRANSMIGRATION OF SOULS.

Of all the doctrines of the mysterious philosophy of Pythagoras, none is less worthy of a philosopher, and yet none has gained its promulgator more fame, than that of the transmigration of souls.

How did Pythagoras come by this hypothesis, is the first question that presents itself to the reflecting mind.

From the system itself of this great man, nothing can be obtained to satisfy our curiosity, as neither Pythagoras nor his disciples thought it worth their while to demonstrate their doctrine to the uninitiated multitude. If they adduced any argument, it was this: Pythagoras himself was formerly Euphorbas, as he has related, and demonstrated the fact by the recognition of a rusty shield, of the time of the siege of Troy.

It was affirmed by all who were not ignorant or impudent enough to allege his journey to India, and his long intercourse with the wise Brachmans and Gymnosophists, that he borrowed this doctrine from the Egyptians, without reflecting it gave rise to a farther question, How came the Egyptians by this notion?

It occasioned no small surprise when accounts were first brought from the East Indies, that this opinion formed a considerable part of the religious system of the inhabitants, and now the question was, whether the Asiatics had fetched it from Africa, or the Africans obtained it from Asia. But since the Egyptians had been put in possession, by the ancients as well as the moderns, of the principal discoveries and the sublimest wisdom; so nothing was more natural than to attribute to them the first discovery of the transmigration of souls, and to search for arguments from every quarter to support this assertion.

But even supposing this were not so clearly ascertained as it is not, should we be advanced one step nearer to the origin of this curious hypothesis? Its birth in Egypt would hardly be proved from the defective, the contradictory, and the obscure accounts that come

from that country, so fertile in wonders: and even in India, from the same causes, we should find but few data for the satisfying our curiosity.

But the research becomes more intricate and perplexed, if we add to this, that in Greenland, among the Mongols, in Louisiana, and among the Triquois, the same opinion is commonly prevalent. That all these nations should have derived it from India or Egypt, is no more credible than that they adopted the worship of the stars, and the adoration of fire, from the inhabitants of the East.

The question, then, how did Pythagoras come by the doctrine of the transmigration of souls? must now be altered into this. How did the nations so widely asunder, in Asia, Africa, and America, come to adopt this tenet? it is a question that cannot be decided any other way, than regarding it as a thought peculiar to a not sufficiently cultivated period of the human race.

The belief of life after death is to be found amongst almost all the savage nations, and under the very same aspect. The Greenlander is firmly convinced, that after his death, he shall go to a place with perpetual summer, bright sunshine, quantities of sea dogs, and where abundance of fresh water is to be met with.

The Ackansa in Louisiana, believes that his soul, after death, will go to a place where every species of pleasure, where the charms of the chaco and the fishery, will every where abound. The Ostiack and the Triquois have the same belief.

All these fables taken together, unanimously evince, that rude, unpolished nations have no other intellectual conception of the soul, than as a subtle material, being of the human shape, and human mode of conveyance.

According to our notions, the soul is so firmly attached to the body, that as long as the man lives it cannot leave him; but in the doctrine of spirits among the savage nations, it enjoys far greater freedom. She can, as oft as she pleases, abandon the body, travel over distant regions, converse with the souls of departed friends or acquaintance; and it is no unusual thing for her calmly to leave the body at home, while she is roaming over other worlds.

When a people once believe the roaming of the soul from the body, it may very easily pass on to the idea, that the soul of one man transfers itself into the body of another. For what is more easy and natural, than for souls

so separated, frequently to lose their way and get into a different body in like manner forsaken of its soul.

What more comprehensible, than that a soul should seek out a new body for its habitation, when become weary of its former abode. Accordingly, we actually find among nations who adopt the belief of migrations of the soul, the belief in the commutation of them; and hence, the sorcerers of Greenland have arrogated to themselves the power of bringing back lost souls, and of providing the sick with sound ones.

Can human souls interchange their bodies? Can they as easily betake themselves into the bodies of brutes, and so wander about in the form of beasts? This the Triquois in reality believe. Here follows one of their fables, which confirms not only this, but another superstition that is likewise spread all over the world.

There anciently lived among them a famous hermit, of the name of Shononkouiretsi; (that is, the very long head of hair) whose memory is still revered. The village in which he was born, was visited with a general mortality, which carried off the most considerable people one after another.— Every night a funeral bird flying over the huts, fluttered its wings with a horrid noise, and raised a doleful cry, which increased the universal alarm. It was not doubted that this was the Qiaron, or the animal of him whose enchantments caused this dire malady; and the soothsayers, on being consulted, found nothing in their art that could help them, so as to come at the source of the evil. In this extremity, the Council of Elders dispatched a deputation of three of their principal members to Shononkouiretsi, to implore him to have compassion on them, but his state did not permit him to quit his solitude, and he could never condescend to leave it for going into the village.

However, he allowed himself to be wrought upon in one particular, and appointed a day for the deputies to return and receive his last determination. They came back at the hour he had fixed. The hermit showed them three arrows he had made in their absence, and without imparting any thing of his design; he only told them to examine well the arrows, that they might be sure to know them again.

In the morning, towards sunset, Shononkouiretsi went and lay in ambush on a little hill, at no great distance from the village. The bird flew out of a hollow tree at the coming on of night,

and shaking his wings as usual, distinctly pronounced the names of some of the principal persons whom he had doomed to death on the morrow. No sooner did the hermit perceive him, than he let fly at him with one of his arrows, and then retired, assured that he had sufficiently wounded him.

The day following, a rumour was spread in the village, that a certain young man, who lived in a very poor hut with an old woman, his mother, was very ill. The elders, attentive to all that passed, secretly ordered the three deputies who had been with Shononkouiretsi, to visit him as if without design. The patient was too much tormented with his malady to dissemble it; he had an arrow that had entered very far into his side. The arrow of the hermit was immediately recognised. Private instruction had been given to those who treated the patient; and as they were attending to their business, seemingly with a view to extract the arrow, they managed it so well, that they thrust it into the heart of the miserable wretch, and the calamity instantly ceased.

A still more conspicuous instance of similar permutations of souls, during the life time of the acting persons, is to be found among the fables current in the East Indies.

We read in the life of Fierawken, one of the most puissant sovereigns of India, that a prince implored a goddess, whose temple stood in a retired place, to teach him the Mandiram, that is, a prayer which has the efficacy of freeing the soul from the body, and of bringing her back to it whenever she chose. He obtained the boon for which he prayed, but unluckily his servant, who had remained at the door of the temple, had heard the Mandiram had retained it in his memory, and resolved to use it on the first occasion. As this prince reposed an entire confidence in his domestic, he related to him the peculiar favour he had obtained, but took care not to disclose to him one word of the Mandiram. It frequently happened that the prince retired to a solitary place, where he allowed his soul free course, but previously gave his servant strict charge to watch carefully till he should be returned to himself.

Once as the servant was watching the body of his prince, the thought came into his head to repeat the prayer, and his soul, dislodged from his body, immediately entered into that of the prince. The first thing this false prince did, was to cut off the head of his

former body, that it might not occur to his master to animate it.

Thus was the soul of the real prince compelled to animate the body of a popinjay, which he found in a hedge, with which he returned to his palace.

Any nation who can think and believe as firmly these commutations of the soul, will find it easy, invisible, and almost imperceptible to pass from the above wanderings of the soul, &c. to the idea of likening a man to an animal in his actions; as for instance: the Asiatics liken a bold, courageous man to the lion; the voluptuary to the hog; the coward to the hare, &c.; and thence it is easy to believe, that after death they pass into those animals as a kind of purgatory, which they inhabit till they are purified from their sin.

This is still at present the religious and philosophical system in the East Indies. This was, perhaps, too, the system of all or some of the Egyptian priests. This was also partly the foundation of the Greek religion; for the belief that people after their death were taken up among the gods, was built upon some such speculation. No wonder, then, that Pythagoras appropriated it, and by clothing it in a new mathematical and philosophical dress, gave it a new form, and impressed it with a greater authority.

A. C.E.

THE THISTLE.

COMPOSED BY A SCOTTISH WEAVER.

Let them boast of the country gave
Patrick his fame,
Of the land of the ocean, and Anglian
name,
With their red blushing roses and sham-
rock sae green;
Far dearer to me are the hills of the
north,
The land of blue mountains, the birth-
place of worth,
Those mountains where freedom has
fix'd her abode!
Those wide-spreading glens where no
slave ever trod,
Where bloom the red heather and thistle
sae green.
Though rich be the soil where blossoms
the rose,
And bleak the high mountains and
cover'd with snows,
Where bloom the red heather and thistle
sae green:
Yet for friendship sincere, and for
loyalty true,
And for courage so bold, which no foe
could subdue,

Unmatch'd is our country, unrivall'd
our swains,
And lovely and true are the nymphs on
our plains,
Where rises the thistle—the thistle sae
green.

Far fam'd are our sires in the battles of
yore,
And many the cairns that rise on our
shore,
O'er the foes that invaded the thistle
sae green:
And many a cairn shall rise on our
strand,
Should the torrent of war ever burst on
our land!
Let foe come on foe, like wave upon
wave,
We'll give them a welcome—we'll find
them a grave,
Beneath the red heather and thistle sae
green.

O! dear to our souls are the blessings
of heaven,
The freedom we boast of, the land
which we live in,
The land of the thistle—the thistle sae
green:
For that land and that freedom our
fathers have bled,
And we swear by that blood which our
fathers have shed,
That no foot of a foe shall e'er tread on
their grave;
But the thistle shall bloom on the bed
of the brave—
The thistle of Scotia—the thistle sae
green.

PUTNAM'S ROCK.

Extracted from a Letter of Professor
Dana, of Dartmouth College, Unit-
ed States of America, Feb. 5, 1822.

This famous rock, originally a native of the Highlands above West Point, was situated on the extreme height of Butter Hill. This hill is 1500 feet above tide water, and 1332 above its base. When the morning fog was descending from the hill, it had a very beautiful appearance, not much unlike a horseman's tent or marquee riding on the clouds. It was a common amusement for the officers when off duty to roll large rocks from the sides of those hills. These often set others, going with them, to the great terror of those persons who were below. One day, when this laborious amusement was over, Colonel Rufus Putnam proposed going up to take a peep at this curiously situated rock; it was found embodied on a flat rock of great extent,

near the brink of a considerable precipice, and hung much over it. Colonel Putnam believed that it was moveable, and if once moved, it would roll over; and falling from twenty to fifty feet, commence its route to the river. A few days after a determination was formed by the officers, with their servants and a number of their men, who took with them axes, drag ropes, &c. in order to procure levers for the purpose of moving the rock, which was soon found in their power. The levers being fixed with ropes to the ends of them all, Colonel Putnam, who headed the party, ordered them to haul the ropes tight, and at the word *Congress*, to give a long pull, a strong pull, and a pull all together. This was done; the levers fell; the rock rolled over, tumbled from the precipice, and took up its line of march for the river! The party then had the satisfaction of seeing the majestic oaks and loftiest pines bowing down in homage and obedience to this mighty traveller, which never stopped till it had reached the bed of the river, where it now lies on the edge of the flats, and far enough from the shore for a coasting vessel to sail around it. The party followed after in its path, and were astonished to see that rocks of many tons weight, and trees of the largest size, were ground to powder; arriving at the river, the party embarked, and landed to the number of seventy on the rock, when Colonel Putnam broke a bottle of whiskey, and named it Putnam's Rock. This was in June, 1778.

The Sketch Book. No. VI.

THE VILLAGE CHURCH-YARD.

I rose and left the little party, where, although nothing was going forward but innocent gaiety, and cheerful conversation, yet I was not in the mood—the mind hath its hours for all things; it will not be forced, as I found, after sundry strenuous efforts to rally and become facetious.—The evening was a most enchanting one—season, summer. The moon was beginning to brighten gloriously over a landscape of no ordinary cast; sauntering along, I could not help repeating an invocation to a time and scenery so congenial with my thoughts:

Come evening gale! the crimson rose
Is drooping for thy sigh of dew;

The hyacinth woos thy kiss to close
In slumber sweet its eye of blue.
Shine evening star! the valley stream
Hath lost the tinges of the sun,
And lingers for thy pearly beam
To tell its bosom, day is done.
Rise evening moon! thy holy ray,
To emblem heavenly hours is given,
When earth shall on our eye decay,
And all our path, like thine, be
Heaven!*

Almost involuntarily my steps had taken the direction to the church-yard, in the centre of which stood, in venerable dignity,
“The House of God, with heavenward
* pointed spire.”

I sat me down upon one of the memorials of the departed, and thought that an hour might be worse spent than in holding converse with myself, and listening to an oration from the house appointed for all living, more deeply impressive on account of the mute eloquence with which it was delivered, and the solemn reflections which it awakened.

Is it taste, or constitutional melancholy, or merely an acquired habit of sober thinking which induces some to delight in making their first visit to the “place of graves,” through whatever town or village they happen to sojourn? There is almost invariably an attraction which I seldom endeavour to resist in those indispensable appendages to all the congregated abodes of man—a soothing consciousness of solemn stillness and repose—feeling of imperturbable placidity—of triumphant peace, steals over my spirit. The world, and the things of the world, are naught. Why should they disquiet that being in any of their feverish forms of vanity, whose body must so soon be consigned to the worms, and become the festering receptacle of putridity—whose never-dying soul must so speedily hasten to the fulfilment of her high and holy destiny, or to the goal of her ceaseless sorrow?

The contrast presented by such a scene to the crowded streets and busy population of an extensive town, pleases me; but I know that there are some who may perchance feel disposed to turn contemptuously from such lucubrations as these, and term them the effect of mawkish sensibility or disappointed freindfulness. Be it so: never-

* Croly.

theless they are mistaken. There is a time for all things; and I have yet to learn, what incongruity there is in deriving at one period all the happiness which social, innocent mirth can impart, and in listening, at another, to the evening breeze, which, while it sighs mournfully through the long grass a requiem to the departed, may yet, to the ear of devoted piety, have borne on its wing the harpings of the angels in Heaven, on the blessedness of the dead who have died in the Lord.

The broad bright moon, emerging from a cloud which had for a few moments obscured it, shone upon a tombstone that fronted me, and this brief epitaph arrested my attention:

Each lonely scene shall thee restore,
For thee, the tear be duly shed,
Beloved when life can charm no more,

And mourn'd till Pity's self be dead.
"Here is a lesson for me," said I.
All that remained of a young (and she must have been an interesting) girl, slumbered beneath. She had numbered but fifteen summers, when she was called away. I thank thee, insensible monitor, for thy warning! If ye could appear even at this moment before me, shrouded and unconfined, in all the horrible ghastliness of changed face and form, the admonition might be more terrible, but not more impressive. Well, I know that I must soon be as thou art—that there can be but the lapse of a few brief months between the heart that throbs most wildly with this world's hopes and prospects, and thy still, though not unaccompanied solitude. The glorious, the splendid, the beautiful of all former ages have descended to the insatiable grave. Ambition, with all her great names, and numberless victims, is there; and faintly are heard, round the narrow house, the echoings of the trump of Fame over the former disturbers of human peace. The great and the good are there; and why should I even wish an exemption? "The gay glory of time is departing; the green earth with all her blooming beauty, and bowers of peace, are departing; all, all is passing away: but the consideration of these certainties must not be allowed to unhinge the mind, or tend to render it unfit for the active duties of human life—we must up and be doing; the time is short, and the work awfully momentous that we have to accomplish therein; the glory of our Creator, the welfare of mankind; the working out of our soul's eternal wellbeing, by unbleach-

ing faith in the crucified Saviour, and actions confirmatory of its reality and efficacy, are the grand outlines of that work. Is any tempted to exclaim, "Who is sufficient for these things?" let him be assured that if he is conscientiously bent upon their performance, he has only to seek, and strength from on high will be imparted, and made perfect in his weakness. Death is not an eternal sleep—this state of things, so magnificent even in its ruins, is but, as it were, the porch of a boundless immortality—the passage of the deathless mind to its home; but, let it never be for a moment forgotten, that *Eternity* will be to each and every man, happy or miserable, according to his use of *Time*.

After sundry wholesome resolutions, on my own account, with which I need not harrass the reader, I arose, left the village church-yard, and rejoined my company, somewhat, it is hoped, the wiser and better for my visit to a scene so humbling to the pride of man.

EDGAR.

THE ANGLER.

No. VI.

*Salmon (continued from our last)—
Smelt—Stickleback—and Tench.*

Having thus briefly premised the general character, size, haunts, &c. of the salmon, we must proceed to the articles best adapted for his capture.—The primary and most important articles with which the angler for salmon should be provided are rods, reels, and artificial flies, a bait to which the salmon is much attached. The length of the rod should be from about 17 to 20 feet, which, however, can be regulated according to the breadth and general size of the river in which the angler pursues his operations. The reel, which, on these occasions, forms the most material appendage to the rod, is made of brass: it should be constructed with the utmost nicety, and capable of the swiftest circumvolutions. The line, which is fastened to the reel, may be composed either of strong silk or twisted horse-hair, gradually diminishing at the top, and having a loop at the end of the wheel, and another at the cast lines, to fasten them to each other. Let this cast line be very carefully twisted with the fingers, and shorter than the rod, so that none of the knots may come within the top ring; sixteen to twenty horse hairs may be used in the upper links, but they must be dimi-

nished toward the hook, where they are best made of three small round twisted silk-worm guts, or a few strong horse-hairs. The artificial flies should be generally of large dimensions, and of a gaudy and glittering color. The materials that compose them are hairs, furs, and wools, of every variety that can be collected, mingled with the tail feathers of cocks and game, and secured together by plated wire, or gold and silver thread, marking silk, shoemakers' wax, bees' wax, &c. Their wings may be made of the feathers of domestic fowls, or any others of a showy colour. Imitate principally the natural flies that will be recommended hereafter; but you may safely indulge your fancy, rather than depart without a bite: for many anglers succeed with the most monstrous and capricious baits of this kind. A raw cockle, or muscle, taken out of the shell, prawns, and minnows, have also been recommended as salmon bait. The mode of angling with these is to drop the line, which must be totally unencumbered with shot, into some shallow which approximates to the edge of a hole of considerable depth, and in this situation to suffer it to be carried in by the current. The novice in angling will, at first, experience considerable difficulty in throwing his line to any great extent. For this we can give no recipe, but a most inflexible determination to proceed, and the most consummate patience in disappointment. It should always be thrown across the river, and on the off side from the spot where you expect the fish to rise. When you imagine that the salmon has been struck, be cautious in giving him time sufficient to enable him to poach his bait, that is, to swallow it fairly and securely. After this, fix the hook firmly in him, by a gentle twitch. On the first sensation of this pain, the salmon will plunge and spring with great violence, and use every endeavour of strength and cunning to effect his escape. He will then, perhaps, run away with a considerable length of line, which is to be kept in a gently relaxed situation, so that it may always yield with facility to his obstinate resistance: nor can you give him too much line, if you do but clear it of weeds and incumbrances. If he now become sullen and quiet in the water, rouse him gently, by flinging in a few stones; and when he once more commences resistance, do not be too eager in checking his career, but let him gra-

dually exhaust himself of his strength; follow him down the stream, or allow him to cross it; while, at every opportunity, you keep winding up your line until you approach him in this wearied state, and take him softly by the gills out of the water.

The salmon pearl may be caught in the same manner; he is smaller than the salmon, and seldom exceeds 14 or 15 inches in length. Before we conclude this account of the salmon, we may remark, that a fresh wind after a flood, and when the sun shines watery, is the best weather for catching them; or when the water is slightly urged by the tide, but it must not be thick or muddy.

Smelts are more properly a sea fish, and not often caught with a rod and line in rivers; but, when this is attempted, they rise to any piece of smaller fish on a Paternoster line, or one that is armed with many hooks, at a small distance from each other. A remarkable abundance of smelts occurred in the Thames, in the year 1790, at which time women and children lined the banks to angle for them, between London and Greenwich.

The *Stickleback* is a small prickly fish, that serves well as baits when the prickles are cut off. It spawns in May, on aquatic plants, and is found in rivers, ponds, and ditches. Trout and pike will rise eagerly at them, and this is the only purpose for which they are caught.

Tench, like the carp, are generally considered pond fish, although they have been frequently caught in the river Stour. They shed their spawn about the commencement of July, and are in season from September to the latter end of May. They will bite very freely during the sultry months. Their haunts are similar to those of the carp; except that they frequent the foulest and muddiest bottoms, where they may shelter themselves among an infinite quantity of reeds; hence you must angle for them very near the bottom, and allow them sufficient time to gorge the bait. Use strong tackle, and a goose quill float without a cork. The general length of the tench is from 13 to 14 inches; though some have been occasionally caught which weighed upwards of 10 pounds; such occurrences, however, are very rare.

J. W.

Proposed Bridge over the Severn.



RAPIDLY as this country is improving in roads, canals, and bridges, those essential means of commercial intercourse, there is at present no bridge over the Severn between the towns of Upton-on-Severn and the city of Gloucester, a distance of eighteen miles, although there are four carriage ferries. The want of a bridge at this place has been long and seriously felt; and it has been proposed to erect one at the Haw Passage, which is the best situation for the purpose, not only on account of its being situated at an equal distance between Gloucester and Upton, but also at a regular distance between the ferries. One important advantage in this bridge would be, to shorten and improve the communication between

London and Wales, through Oxford, Cheltenham, Ledbury and Hereford: even in the distance between Hereford and Cheltenham nearly six miles would be saved, and London and Aberystwith would be connected by an almost straight line.

Already a sum of £20,000 has been subscribed towards erecting the bridge, and making the necessary roads, and a design of the bridge has been prepared by Mr. Walker. Of this plan we are enabled to present the above sketch, and it will be seen that it combines strength and elegance in no ordinary degree. Application has been made to Parliament, and we hope that in a short time a public work of such unquestionable utility will be executed.

SPIRIT OF THE
Public Journals.MYSTIFICATION—THE WHITE
PATIENT.

"There's a knot, a gang, a pack, a conspiracy against me."

"Well, if I be served such another trick, I'll have my brains taken out and buttered, and give them to a dog for a new-year's gift."—*Merry Wives of Windsor.*

Though the word "mystification" is somewhat of the newest in our language, and not very old in the French, from which we have borrowed it, yet the thing it represents is by no means an affair of yesterday. Mystification is as old as idleness, and idleness as old as civilization, and civilization as old as *Triptolemus* and his plough. From the remotest tradition, before History began to write, we hear of mystifications and mystifiers. Was not *Saturn* finely mystified when he swallowed, what the *Irish* would call, a lump of a stone, for a young sucking god? Mystification is indeed of all ages, being an integral portion of human nature. *Ulysses*, the great mystifier of antiquity, was seldom without some practical joke at his fingers' ends; and was never so happy as when he was "selling a bargain." He was so far, however, lucky, that he lived in an age when folks were not "up to snuff," and he had rarely to deal with "the knowing ones." Thus the old Cyclops had brains as hard as his own anvil, or he never would have been "done" by the "rigmorol" tale of *Nobody*. *Achilles* also, or we are much mistaken, proved himself as dull as any modern "great captain" of them all, not to "understand trap," when *Ulysses* shewed him the armour in the court of the King of *Scyros*—and the young rascal in love too, which never fails to sharpen a man's wits, provided he have any to sharpen. The manner in which the wily Greek "diddled" the *Syrans*, was more knowing; and the way in which he "bamboozled" his wife's suitors, "flogged the world," and was "as rum a touch" as need be. Yet even *Ulysses* was mystified by *Palamedes*, in his young days; and some think that *Penelope* with her cock-and-bull story of a web,

was, in his older and riper experience, *“one too many for him.”*

The ascent of Romulus to heaven, under the nick-name of Quirinus, was a flat mystification of the Romans, who, it must be confessed, were ready-made dupes to the hands of their church and state operators, and swallowed Quintus Curtius's leap, and Menenius Agrippa's sophistical fable with equal facility. Brutus's shamming mad was a “*go*” of the first order, though rather too jacobinical for our pure times; and Caesar's conduct to Cato, in the senate, when he gave him his sister's love-letter to read, was a “*dead take-in*.” In the dark ages, mystification was universal. The donations to the Papal See were not bad specimens of the art of humoring, and the false decretals are allowed to have been an admirable joke. In our own history, Oliver Cromwell shines the prince of mystifiers. His “*seeking the Lord*” in the shape of a corkscrew was quite “*prime*.” Monk and Anthony Ashley Cooper were both “*good in their way*;” and Churchill, the great Duke of Marlborough, “*ran his rigs*” on the Stuarts in a superior style. The glorious revo....; but its as well to stop where we are, lest we break the invisible line, which divides the demesne of history, from that of the attorney-general.

Crossing therefore the water, we proceed at once to remark that the French are the “*mystificateurs par excellence*;” at least that part of the nation which “lives at home at ease” in Paris, and upon whose hands time and talent are often observed to hang rather heavily. But here we beg to be understood as not alluding in the slightest degree to the government of that country; or, more especially, as insinuating aught against the king's pacific speech, on the eve of the Spanish war. The Bourbons, to do them justice, are all “*fair and above board*;” and they speak their intentions with a plainness which none but an ideot can mistake. No, we confine our remarks exclusively to those happy wights, who have no earthly occupation but “*faire le bel esprit*,” and to shew the contempt they feel for that wretched *canaille* by whose labour and industry they are supported, comforted, and *amused*.

In this class flourished “*n'aguères*,” a certain Due de Caudale, who divided his superabundant talent for mystification between two pursuits—the cheating his tradesmen, and the seduction of that order of females known in Paris by

the name of “*grisettes*.” The former he contrived to effect by holding out the bait of extraordinary and usurious gains; the latter he was wont to accomplish by an artifice, now sufficiently common-place—a promise of marriage. With this worthy gentleman a promise of marriage was a mere *bagatelle*; and he gave it with the same indifferent facility that a dashing speculator in London “*flies his kites*,” when on the verge of bankruptcy. By the persevering use of these arts, the Duke acquired for himself a reputation, which, if it was not splendid, was at least wide-spreading; but reputations are not made for nothing; and his Grace, accordingly found himself one day under the necessity of leaving Paris, and of returning, for the benefit of his—*character*, to his estates in a remote province.

On the eve of departure, this important event got wind; and the Duke's hotel was besieged by a whole army of creditors. A day later with them, and it would have been the “*day after the fair*;” but as it was, Caudale was caught on his form, and no doubling could enable him to put off the interview. The horses therefore being at the door, and every thing in readiness for flight, the duns, “*horrible monsters*,” were admitted. The Duke's reception of them was polite; he heard their story with patience, lamented their loss of time, leaned heavily on his “*homme d'affaires*,” whose irregularities, he said, were the cause of their disappointments, and finally, calling for pen, ink, and paper, he asked for their accounts. Running his eye over the numerous bills, with the air of an hasty examination, he noted and signed each separate document, and then, turning to his *intendant*, delivered him a bundle of papers, and desired him to give every creditor his order for payment; which, he observed, was the more easily done, as each paper was endorsed with its owner's name. So saying, he took his leave, mounted his horse, and set off. The creditors, eager for their long-looked-for money, scarcely suffered him to leave the room, when they crowded round the man of figures to receive the expected order; but their astonishment may be readily conceived, when, instead of “*Please to pay the bearer*,” each man read in his own billet “*I Due de Caudale, &c. &c. hereby promise to marry Mr. So and So.*” The intendant, who was perhaps aware of the cheat, endeavoured to excuse his

master to the best of his power, saying "It was an unlucky mistake." "It arose entirely from absence of mind and the inveterate habit of writing such promises." "He had no doubt that as soon as his master was aware of the error he would hasten to rectify it;" and in this way he dismissed the enraged dupes, about as well satisfied with their morning's work, as the Jew creditors of the elder Baron de Felsheim with Brandt's mode of "equitable adjustment" in *Pigault Le Brun's* whimsical novel.

A mystifier in a lower rank in society was Turpin, celebrated by his countrymen and neighbours for a wicked wit. Turpin seems to have been born for the express purpose of humbugging all the world, and to have been what we call a first-rate wag. Happening to sit one day at a church next to a jolly fat-faced lady, whose nose was the least prominent feature in her platter-formed visage, he began to fidget and grunt, and make such horrible contortions as induced his good-natured neighbour to ask what ailed him. "Alas! my good lady," cried Turpin, with the utmost gravity of voice and demeanour, "I am a poor paralytic, who cannot use my hands; and here I have been sitting this full quarter of an hour without any one to blow my nose, of which I am in urgent necessity." The answer, as may be anticipated—for women are ever compassionate—was a proposition to assist the sick man in his need. Turpin readily expressed his assent, and the fat lady, seeking his handkerchief in his pocket, lent herself to the operation, which he performed with all the simplicity imaginable, returning to the charge three several times, and making the church ring again with the crowing of his nostrils. Then, turning to the woman, and preserving the hypocritical tranquillity of his countenance and voice undisturbed, he asked her, "n'est il pas vrai ma bonne dame, qu'il y a bien plus de plaisir à moucher un bon gros nez comme le mien, qu'un vilain chien de nos camarades comme le vôtre?"—"and now tell me, my good charitable lady, is it not a much greater pleasure to blow such an handsome nose as mine, than to be fumbling at a miserable snub like your own?"

Turpin, among his other mystifications, for a long time assumed the garb of an hermit. Entering one day into an inn-yard, with another rogue of his own complexion, they found an ass at-

tached to the door. To see it unguarded and to covet it were simultaneous impressions. Stripping off, therefore, the harness from the animal, he crept into it himself, and while his companion drove the beast away, he waited quietly the arrival of the owner. The master of the ass was not a little surprised on his return to find his animal gone and a hermit standing harnessed in his gear. Still more was he astonished when he heard Turpin reverently thanking God for the recovery of his human shape. "At length," cried the mystifier in seeming soliloquy, "my sins are forgiven me, and the time of my penance is expired. I sinned and was changed to an ass; but Heaven is merciful, and its anger does not endure for ever." So saying, Turpin threw down the harness, and went his way. But, as ill-luck would have it, the ass was soon sent to be sold; and who should come into the market but its former proprietor. The *anagnorisis* was instant. "Out alas!" exclaimed the good man, "has the wretch sinned again already! and has he again been turned to an ass! For the love of God, neighbours, have nothing to say to that animal; he has deceived me once, but I am not to be taken a second time in the same trap; for, look ye, whoever buys that beast, will find him some day or other, as I did, turned into a hermit."

From these specimens we may see how much superior the upper classes of society are to their humbler fellow-subjects in the refinements of mystification. An odd, grotesque humour is the highest flight of a vulgar mind, whereas in the *Duc de Caenale's* adventure we perceive not only a moral object and end in his humbugging (the getting rid of his creditors), but also a delicate stroke of satire on his own character and conduct, which shews him deep in the philosophy of "*nosce teipsum*." The mystification of the lower orders rarely looks farther than to the "fun" which it is calculated to afford, and it is still seldom absolutely ill-natured. But your thorough-paced mystifiers of the *bon-ton* for the most part contrive to put forward their perfect indifference to the feelings of their victim. Their mystifications have more of cold "*persiflage*," and less of the mere animal impulse to laughter in them. They are more recondite, studied, and malicious; which proves them to depend upon the highest and most intellectual of the human facul-

ties, and evinces in the mystifiers that innate superiority, which in all things distinguishes the genuine China ware, from the Wedgewood and the crockery of God's creation. Every one knows the mystification played off on the unhappy *curé*, who, smit with the love of sacred poesy, was induced to read his tragedy to the Holbachian knot—a mystification which threw Jean Jaques into such an uncompromising passion.* The malice of this "good joke" was its predominant feature, for its wit was not very conspicuous. And what is more, there was not one of the mystifiers who did not in some degree share the poor poet's "*mentis gratissimus error*" of thinking better of his own verses than they deserved. How infinitely superior then is such a practical jest to the cold conceit of Turpin's nose, and yet how below the *piquant* mixture of fraud and fun of the Duke's promissory billets. Nothing indeed can more satisfactorily prove the invincible rusticity of Rousseau's bearish character, than his incapacity for relishing this piece of drollery.

(To be concluded in our next.)

ON ANCIENT HOUSE SIGNS.

The origin of House Signs may be referred back to a very remote period. The distinguished characteristic of any object, amongst a barbarous and uncivilized people who paid but little regard to the proper title of things, has sometimes supplied a name indicative of some peculiar trait in its character, which, by universal adaptation, has superseded its more correct denomination; these titles have been embodied and rendered in a palpable form, as the still-existing hieroglyphics and emblems of this description attest.

The Phonetic characters of the Egyptians represented natural objects; the names of which, in their language, began with the sound of that letter they wished to express. The names, therefore, of persons or things in this character, would bear a striking affinity to the heraldic rebus now in use; and as it is not improbable that these names were affixed to the houses of this people, or to acquaint the reader with the description of wares to be had there, suspended before their shops, there is reason to suppose that the custom of thus distinguishing man from man, which we are told did not obtain until

the "days of chivalry," has been restored to time immemorial.

Johnson imagined armorial bearings to be as old as the siege of Thebes; and in support of this idea, instanced a passage in the "Phoenician Virgins" of Euripides.

That the use of signs is of considerable antiquity, we have the testimony of St. Luke, who tells us, that St. Paul, after his shipwreck at Malta, "departed in a ship of Alexandria, which had wintered there, whose sign was Castor and Pollux."

It was deemed advisable among our grandfathers, to prefix the affirmative, "this is" before naming the sign, as may be seen in the old names of streets still existing.

It is justly observed in the "Adventurer," that "it cannot be doubted but that signs were intended originally to express the several occupations of their owners, and to bear some affinity in their external designations to the wares to be disposed of. Hence the Hand and Shears is justly appropriated to Tailors, as the Hand and Pen is to Writing-masters. The Woolpack plainly points out to us the Woolen Draper; the Naked Boy, elegantly reminds us of the necessity of clothing; and the Golden Fleece, figuratively denotes the riches of our staple commodity."

The majority of signs are common charges in heraldry; such are the Boar's Head, and the Golden Lion. Three is an heraldic number; and we find it in frequent use, as the 3 Compasses, the 3 Pigeons; and I have by me a book, published "at the 3 Drovers in Fleet-street, near Inner Temple Gate, 1654."

And this offers an apology for the varied and unnatural adaptation to some animals, of colours to which they cannot otherwise lay claim, such as—Blue Boars, Golden Lions, Green Dragons, and that "rara avis in terris" the Black Swan.

The Bunch of Grapes, is, I think, never appended elsewhere than over the door of a Publican; and if we find the Three Tuns, which I think had its rise in the Vintner's-Company, prefixing their arms on houses rented of them, in any other station, we may impute it to the cause here noted. Our modest ancestors were contented with plain Bough stuck up before their doors, whence arose the wise proverb, "Good wine needs no bush;" and the custom is still continued in many parts of the Continent. Might not the Fox and

* See Grimm.

Goose, now so universally adopted by publicans, intimate that the game, bearing this title was to be played there, in the same manner as the representation of a Skittle and Jack now invite to "a good dry skittle-ground."

The Gun was doubtless a symbol of the Gun-smith, though we find it assumed by a Bookseller, " Nathaniel Ekins, in Paul's Church Yard."

The Bell was the prerogative of the Lock-smith, though we find it in use among all trades: by some of whom, it has been claimed as a *rebus* on their name.

The enormities practised by the connexion of objects so widely different from each other, as the Fox and Seven Stars, the Goose and Gridiron, the Bell and Neat's Tongue, the Lamb and Dolphin, and the Leg and Star, " over against the Royal Exchange, in Cornhill, London, 1658,"—may be reconciled by the following illustration:—"It is usual for a young tradesman, at his first setting up, to add to his own sign that of the master whom he served, as the husband after marriage gives a place to his mistress's arms in his own coat."

These whimsicalities have been rendered still more ridiculous by the perversion of names from their original import: thus we have the Swan with Two Necks—*q. d.* the swan with two nicks*—or marks.

We are told by an inscription over the Talbot Inn-yard, in the Borough, that Geoffrey Chaucer and twenty-nine pilgrims rested there on their journey to Canterbury, in 1480. Its present title is a corruption of Tabard, the name given "to a jacket or sleeveless coat, whole before, open on both sides, with a square collar, winged at the shoulder," somewhat similar to that worn by our heralds in pageants and processions, and when worn "in the wars," like it having "their arms embroidered or otherwise depicted thereon."

The witty poet of "olden time" notices at length the accommodation afforded in "Southwerk, at the Tabard," to him and his fellow travellers:—

* The privilege of distinguishing swans by marks or nicks, was deemed of sufficient consequence to deserve a place in grants and in corporation charters, for we find "the privilege of keeping and preserving swans and cygnets, and a swan-mark for the same," with liberty "to change and alter that swan-mark at pleasure," frequently vouchsafed in deeds of this description.

" Wel nine-and-twenty in a compagnie
Of sundry folk."—Lines 24, 25.

He informs us—

" The chambres and the stable weren
wide
And wel we weren esed atte beste."—
L. 28, 29.

And proceeds to acquaint us with

" Th' estate, the arraie, the nombre
and eke the cause
Why that assembled was the compagnie
In Southwerke at this gentil hosterie
That highte the Tabard."—L. 718, 791.

We have the Bell-Savage—represented in the Spectator's time by the figure of a wild man standing beside a bell!—for the *Belle Sauvage*; and the Bull and Mouth for the *Boulogne Mouth*; i. e. harbour. Stow, speaking of Gisor's Hall, has these remarks, so peculiarly applicable to our present purpose:

" It appears (says he) that this Gisor's Hall of late time, by corruption, hath been called Gerrard's Hall for *Gisor's Hall*; as Bevis Marks for *Bury's Marks*; Mark-lane for *Mart-lane*; Billiter-lane for *Bell Setter's-lane*; Gutter-lane for *Guthurun's-lane*; Cry or Cree Church for *Christ's Church*; St. Michael's in the Quern for *St. Michael's at Corn*, and such others."

In Pannier-alley, Newgate-street, is the figure of a naked boy, sitting on what has been generally represented as a pannier, but which resembles more a coil of rope.

It bears the following inscription:

WHEN YV HAVE SOVGHT
THE CITY ROVND
YET STILL THIS IS
THE HIGHEST GROUND
AVGVST THE 27
1668.

By some, this figure has been considered emblematic of plenty, and once held in its hands a bunch of grapes; but Hughson supposes it the sign of one "Henry Prannel, citizen and vintner." Pennant imagines it to have been originally a sepulchral monument, removed from some adjoining church, but, from the peculiar appropriateness of the inscription to its present situation, I am inclined to think it still retains its original position.—*Gentleman's Magazine*.

* Engraved by Carter in Pennant's London.

PETER PINDARICS;
OR, JOE MILLER VERSIFIED.

LONDON LYRICS.

Sir Dunder O'Kelly.

— Pete regna per undas. *VIRO.*

Old Mother O'Kelly the scold,

Who lived in a county of blunder,
Called great Tipperary, I'm told.

Thus spoke to her little boy Dunder—
“ I've only got you and a cow,

And, since I can't keep all the three,
I'd better keep her, you'll allow,
Because the kind creature keeps me.”

So Dunder O'Kelly set sail

From Ireland to better himself,
And climb'd up the Holyhead mail

To ease Johnny Bull of his pelf.
To follow of glory thy path,

And put British beef in his belly,
At Margate, at Brighton, at Bath,
He sported Sir Dunder O'Kelly.

Sir Dunder in dancing was skill'd,
And look'd very neat in his clothes,
But indeed all his beauty was kill'd
By a terrible wen on his nose.

This double appendage, alas!

He thought neither pretty nor proper,
Nature gave him one visage of brass,
And Bacchus two noses of copper.

He dived into Bath for a bride,
The ladies all check'd his advances,
And vow'd they could never abide
Loose manners, and straiten'd
finances.

One lady alone met his flame,
With a hop, and a jig, and a nod,
I ask'd a blind fiddler her name,
And he answer'd me—“ *Moll in the
Wad.*”

His looking-glass set the poor knight
Oft times in his bed-chamber raving,
His ugliness showing at night,
And eke in the morning when shav-
ing.

He flung himself down on the floor,—
Was ever unfortunate elf
So terribly haunted before
By a ghost in the shape of himself?

Resolved Charon's eddy to pass,
His pistol he primed, but—oh blun-
der!

He thought, if he shot at the glass,
Twould blow out the brains of Sir
Dunder.

So bang went the slug at his head,
At once from this life to dissever ;
He shot all the quicksilver dead,
But himself was as lively as ever.

Amazed at the hubbub was he,
And began, in the midst of the elat-
ter,

All over to *feio de se*,
But found there was nothing the mat-
ter.

So, glad Charon's eddy to shun,
His sentiments thus he discloses—
“ Since two heads are better than one,
Perhaps 'tis the same with two
noses.”

To his own Tipperary poor Dun,
From scenes of disturbance and bo-
ther,

Trudged back, like the Prodigal Son,
And fell on the neck of his mother.
At home he now follows the plough,
And, whilst in his rustic courses
He walks at their tails, you'll allow
He never can frighten his horses.

MOUSE TREAD-MILL.

The following account of an ingeni-
ous mode of punishing that notorious
predator, the mouse, in the tread-
mill, and turning his natural industry to
profit, is communicated in a letter, to
the Editor of the *Edinburgh Star* :—
“ Sir—Having seen a paragraph in your
paper, some time ago, stating, that a
gentleman, in Kirkaldy, had trained
two mice, and invented machinery for
enabling them to spin cotton yarn, makin-
g 5d. per day profit, I take the liberty
of informing you, that a Mr. Hatton,
of this town, has had two mice con-
stantly employed in the making of sew-
ing thread for upwards of twelve
months ; and that the curious may be
entertained with a statement of facts,
I hope you will give a place to the fol-
lowing description, which is by no
means exaggerated ; as, having often
seen his mouse tread-mills, I thoroughly
understand this amusing operation. The
mouse tread-mill is so constructed, that
the common house-mouse is enabled to
make atonement to society for past of-
fences, by twisting, twining, and reel-
ing, from 100 to 120 threads per day
(Sunday not excepted), of the same
length and quality with the enclosed hank,
which I send as a specimen of their work,
for the inspection of the curious. To
complete this task, the little pedestrian
has to run 10½ miles. This journey it
performs, with ease, every day. An
ordinary mouse weighs only half an
ounce. A half-penny's worth of oat-
meal, at 15d. per peck, serves one of
these tread-wheel culprits for the long
period of five weeks. In that time it
makes (110 threads per day, being the
average), 3860 threads of 25 inches,

which is very near nine lengths of the standard reel. A penny is paid here to women for every cut made in the ordinary way. At this rate, a mouse earns 9d. every five weeks, which is just one farthing per day, or 7s. 6d. per annum. Take 6d. off for board, and allow 1s. for machinery, there will arise 6s. of clear profit from every mouse yearly. The last time I was in company with the mouse employer, he told me he was going to make application to the heirs for a lease of an old empty house here, the dimensions of which are 100 feet by 50, and 50 in height, which, at a moderate calculation, will hold ten thousand mouse-mills, sufficient room being left for keepers and some hundred of spectators. Allowing 200*l.* for rent and task-masters, and 500*l.* for the interest of 10,000*l.* to erect machinery, there will be a balance of 2,300*l.* per annum. This, sir, you will say, is projecting with a vengeance, but it would surely be preferable to the old South Sea speculation.—I remain your obedient Servant,

“A CONSTANT READER.
“Dumfermline, July 23, 1823.”

Useful Domestic Hints.

GINGER BEER.—This, when well made, is one of the most agreeable, as well as one of the most wholesome beverages that can be imagined. The subjoined receipt for producing it in high perfection, may be found useful during the summer months:—“Take 1½ oz. of ginger, well bruised, 1 oz. of cream of tartar, and 1 lb. of white sugar; put these ingredients into an earthen vessel, and pour upon them a gallon of boiling water; when cold, add a table-spoonful of yeast, and let the whole stand till the next morning.—Then skim it, bottle it, and keep it three days in a cool place before you drink it. Be sure to use good sound corks, and secure them with twine or wire.”

BREWING.—The art of brewing is very easy to be understood, for it is exactly similar to the process of making tea. Put a handful of malt into a teapot; then fill it with water, the first time rather under boiling heat. After it has stood for some time, pour off the liquor, just as you would tea, and fill up the pot again with boiling water; in a similar manner pour that off, and so go on filling up and pouring off till the malt in the pot is tasteless, which will be the case when all the virtue is extracted. The

liquor, or malt tea thus extracted, must then be boiled with a few hops in it, and when it becomes cool enough, that is, about blood heat, add a little yeast to ferment it, and the thing is done. This is the whole art and process of brewing, and to brew a large quantity requires just the same mode of proceeding as it would be to make a tea breakfast for a regiment of soldiers. A peck of malt and four ounces of hops will produce ten quarts of ale, better than any that can be purchased in London, and for which purpose a tea kettle and two pan mugs are sufficient apparatus. A bushel of malt to 1 lb. of hops is the most general proportion; and eighteen gallons of good light ale, or table beer, may be produced from one bushel of malt and 1 lb. of hops, which will not cost above 7s. that is, 6d. a gallon, or 1½d. a quart. Brewing utensils, consisting of a mashing tub and oar, a sieve and two coolers, a wicker hose, a spigot and faucet, together with a couple of 5-gallon casks, new from the cooper's, cost me but 36s. and with these utensils I have frequently brewed, at one time, four bushels of malt. The plan I have adopted is to extract nine gallons of liquor, for ale, and afterwards nine gallons more for table beer, both of which will be excellent.

DIRECTIONS FOR SALTING HAY.—When the rick is made, on each layer of hay about a quarter of a peck of salt ought to be equally scattered, and on this plan, we believe, four bushels of salt will be required to twenty loads; if six bushels be allowed, the better; and the farmer will find the expense amply repaid in the improved condition of his cattle, when the hay is consumed. It is a fact, the cattle will prefer damaged hay to which salt has been added, to the best hay without it; and in cases where straw was mixed with the hay so salted, they took it with avidity, leaving the primest provender untouched. Salt is equally beneficial when used with clover. Salted hay is also excellent for sheep, when put on turnips early in the season: by giving it them in the wet and rainy autumn in 1801, Lord Somerville did not lose a single sheep, though his neighbours suffered considerably, and he very justly attributed it to the salted hay.

PARSLEY.—The seed should be sown in the spring; it remains six weeks in the earth; it never appears in less than forty days, nor does it often exceed

sity: thus it takes longer to vegetate than any other known seed; but it is observed that old seed comes up earlier than new. This herb is good for sheep that have eaten a kind of wild radish, which causes a worm to destroy their liver. It is also said to be an excellent remedy to preserve sheep from the rot, provided they are fed twice a week, for two or three hours each time, with this herb. Parsley has been sometimes cultivated in fields for this purpose; but hares and rabbits are so fond of it, that they will come from a great distance to feed upon it; so that those who wish to draw hares on their estates have only to sow parsley in their parks or fields. Parsley, when rubbed against a glass goblet or tumbler, will break it; the cause of this phenomenon is not known. To preserve parsley for the seasoning of meats, &c. let it be gathered on a dry day, and immediately put into a tinned roasting-screen, and placed close to a large fire; it will then soon become brittle, when it may be rubbed fine, and put into glass bottles for use.

SMUT IN CORN.—M. B. Prevost gives the following method of preparing seed-corn to prevent the smut. Into a cistern put one gallon of water, ale measure, and dissolve in it one ounce of sulphate of copper, for every bushel of corn to be prepared. Having two tubs that will contain about eight bushels, throw into one of them about two bushels of corn, and then pour on the solution till it covers the corn an inch or two. Carefully remove any thing that floats on the surface. Put corn into the other tub, and treat it in the same manner.—When the corn has reposed half an hour in the first tub, after being well stirred, put it to drop on a strainer placed over the second tub. When it no longer drips, place it in a heap, and it will soon be dry enough to sow. The effect of this solution is more certain the drier the corn is before it is immersed.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We agree with J. W., Jun. in the reprehension of swearing; but as a poet (whom we quote from memory) appears to us to have condensed it more forcibly and more briefly, we may perhaps equally promote our correspondent's wishes by quoting them: “To swear is neither polite, genteel, nor brave,

You would not swear upon a bed of death,
Reflect—your Maker now can stop
your breath.”

The “Legal Inquisitor” is requested to call on our Publisher respecting his letter.

Scrutiny, Ignatius, and Philalethes, have our best thanks.

The promised communications of † † will be very acceptable.

The “Nymph's Lament” is misplaced—perhaps not the only one.

A “Traveller's” Letter shall have insertion.

We thank a Constant Reader at Leeds for his “curious receipt,” but we are not in love, except with the *Mirror*, and we wish not to be weaned from it.

J. Y. must send us the conclusion before we print.

T. P.—is too paradoxical.

J. J. H.'s letter, would revive a subject which had better lie dormant.

We cannot insert Matrimonial Advertisements, even in jest.

The Epitaph sent by T. A. has already appeared in the *Mirror*.

Klow, Utopia, Tom Tonson, Edgar, M., C. D., W. S., and Harold, as early as possible.

Lines on Locks of Hair, and addressed to “Beautiful Young Ladies,” have no charms for us, unless excellent indeed.

Editors and Authors have generally enough to do with tailors' bills without printing them. On this account, we cannot give place to Arthur.

The Lily of the Valley cannot be in leaf with us.

With Middle Landlords we cannot meddle.

If Rusticus could make his key words applicable to the talents or qualities of the Monarchs, we would give him a place.

Jacobus has our thanks. We shall feel obliged by his promised favour.

The Weather Table, N. R., J. M., and C. D., in an early number.

To what company, and to what election does an admirer of the *Mirror* refer?

ERRATA.—No. 38, p. 114, col. 1, l. 27, instead of “he took up his abode with Park Egerton, Millar's predecessor,” read “he took up his abode with Millian, Park Egerton's predecessor.”

—No. 39, p. 130, col. 1, l. 33, after correctly, read “have learnt the mechanical arrangement of the colours on the pallet, which is termed ‘seiting the pallet.’”—Col. 9, l. 39, for “alive,” read “alike.”

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